THE EMERALD

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MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Why do historic records of war, of massacres, of revolutionary trials, excite an interest in man, so deep and so absorbing? Is it that his disposition is naturally martial, that the story of the camp delights him? His temper is by nature social, and peace is the first object of society. Does he, in real life, delight to gaze upon the battle field, where groans, and bitter imprecations, and dying shrieks of agony, mingle with the loud shouts of victory, and the deep thunderings of cannon? He does not, he cannot; unless, indeed, he should be one of that unenvied few, who can look complacently on "blood and carnage." He cannot, unless the purest emotions of his heart have been paralized, by a selfish education. He cannot, while his soul is warmed by a single spark of sympathetic feeling. The successful general, who, by the issue of a single contest, may have redeemed his country from the terrors of anticipated subjugation his sword still reeking with the blood of victims, offered to the god of battles, will sorrow as he glances at the slain, will weep at the dear price of victory. It is but too true, that the history of man affords melancholy proof, that there have lived conquerors, whose callousness of soul more than rivalled their indifference to life. The mighty Corsican was an example, still fresh in the memory of all. But cold was his heart, and absorbed in hardened selfishness, each generous principle of action, when he could urge onward a weary soldiery to certain death, in triumph or defeat, his watchword "On, still on!" But that such policy was not conformable to man's nature, must be indisputable. The splendid novelist of our age, has successfully directed the energies of his unequalled powers, to the laborious, and the not less hazardous experiment, of presenting to the world a biography of Buonaparte. Who has not read this production of the master?—and reading, who has not been fascinated by exclusive interest, in the history of a life so chequered, of a character so complicate? But though his genius was ever soaring, and his movements always daring, were directed by a spirit, uncontrolled by the vicissitudes of fortune—a spirit which could brook all but defeat, and even that, to ensure ultimate success—a soul which could not be dismayed, though the elements of heaven seemed in conspiracy to ruin him; whose elasticity could render him alike indifferent to Egyptian deserts, and to Russian avalanches—to the turbaned sultan and the haughty autocrat; yet must we refuse to him the tribute of admiration. We may wonder at that ingenious, political manœuvering, by which an individual so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of his own designs, for the aggrandizement of his peculiar interests, was enabled to obtain the mastery over the lives, the fortunes and the honour of so many thousands of his fellow men. We may wonder at the overwhelming rapidity with which his most extensive plans were formed, and at the unparalleled success which, for so long a period, invariably attended them. But it would be in vain to investigate the motives, or to delineate the character of Buonaparte. He was a man, summoned by the pressing exigencies of his age, from the unknown peasantry of Corsica, to wield the sword of France. He was an instrument of destiny. With an enfeebled national government at her head, with unlimited crime, and the lowest degradation among her subjects, France could not have been saved but by the talents, and by the *despotism* of a Napoleon. She presented to him the sword of office, and said "Beware lest any injury happen to the commonwealth;" and he determined to preserve the commonwealth, that it might be his. At his profound discrimination of human character, at his unrivalled military talents, at his universal ambition and unconquerable vanity, which prompted him to despise the efforts of man, and almost to set nature at defiance, we may wonder—but who can *admire* Napoleon? The day of his glory has too recently closed, to allow us to contemplate its sanguinary brightness without remembering his character as a man. But though the vivid recollections of the man may render that interest, which all must feel in studying so momentous a period in the history of France, more painful at the present day, yet other men, in future ages, while reviewing those times of revolution, when events so fraught with the horrors of ambition, with cruelty and death, and yet in their ultimate effects so beneficial to man, crowded upon each other with unprecedented rapidity, will be chained as by a spell to the volumes which record them. The interest which they shall feel, will not be less intense perhaps, than that which is now so deeply excited in us; but it will be less painful—it will be less replete with associations of hatred against the mighty murderer of D'Engheim, for Buonaparte will be to them "a man of olden time." . . . . . But, may it not be in part attributed to the sad, yet pleasing influence of *sympathy*, a principle so generally alive in every breast which is not mailed by selfishness, that the records of devastating war and of uncompromising ambition, are rendered so exclusively attracting? It is true that where *self* is the sole principle of action—where the success, the misery or the guilt of others, is regarded only as either may elicit personal advancement, this proposition cannot be maintained; for there peculiar causes, limited yet active in their operations, may be adduced, which render fascinating the bloody page of history. Let the man whose heart is dead to sympathy, contemplate that he may enjoy the miseries of others. Let him read that tyrants have lived, that terror has preceded them, that devastation followed closely in their train; let him dwell upon the story of their cruelty, and picture to himself the tortured subject, the vanquished freeman; let him unfold and scrutinize each selfish principle which dictated their policy—that comprehending all, he may have some plausible exemplar from which both to model his own character, and to excuse its enormities. But it is in men of far different stamp, that we must seek for illustration of our question—in those whose dispositions are in accordance with the principles of our nature; for we must be allowed an observation which, until proved fallacious, we shall continue to believe—that unless the noblest feelings of his heart are, from some extraneous influences, checked and perverted, man will ever be found prepared and willing to sympathise with his suffering fellow. If this be true, and can there be any who entertain so contemptuous an opinion of that heart which beats within them, as to traverse its truth, by easy inferences the causes may be assigned how sympathy may be elicited, and how its action may be preserved, while the subjects of our study are war and the turmoils of the camp. But if there are those, whose unenviable feelings would prompt them to be sceptical, let them attentively peruse the history of that land which claimed Leonidas among her sons, from the time when Egyptian Cecrops first founded that city, destined to be mistress of the world, first in arts, pre-eminent in arms through all her sanguinary and protracted wars, down even to the present unequal conflict with the children of the Prophet, and every doubt must vanish. . . . . There are, however, registered upon the page of history, accounts of wars and of revolutions, whose contemplation depends not so exclusively for the interest which it excites, upon the development of sympathy. Where unyielding justice required, or stern necessity demanded an appeal to arms, and the glowing pen of the historian describes to us the brave defenders of their country, as in valiant array they pressed onward through carnage, perhaps, and death, but yet to victory and glory, urged by the same spirit which at first inspired them; where the cause has been mighty and just, and has prevailed; where tyranny has crouched beneath the upraised sword of independence—it is not merely sympathy for the vanquished foe, nor sorrow for the fallen, that renders the study of the contest so full of fascination. There is a spirit of pride, and there are feelings of honourable ambition in every breast. A consciousness of pre-eminent wisdom or of superior power, conveys a thrill of pleasure to every soul not deadened by the tyranny of despotism, nor paralized by moral slavery. And when the volume of man's history is open before us, and we contemplate the heroism of the patriot—his disinterested sacrifices for the welfare of his country, his hair breadth escapes, his dangerous exploits, his ultimate success, and his most glorious reward of gratitude and love, we forget that ages have elapsed since the curtain of time closed upon his life—we are transported back to the days of his glory, and the same spirit which inspired him burns within us. The consciousness of his excellence creates in us a desire to be equally pre-eminent. A lurking ambition is aroused to action, and this anxious longing for honourable renown, as it is conformable to our nature, imparts a keen and delightful interest to the perusal of the hero's life. The wars, in which he was engaged, lose half their terrors, when their prosperous issue is remembered; and the dangers which he encountered, and the deprivations, and the sufferings, and even the sanguinary death of his devoted followers, are merged in the glorious success of his achievements. We feel proud that such a man has lived, and we arise from the study of his character with determined resolution to incur every danger which the welfare of our country should demand, and to bear every responsibility which the confidence of our countrymen should impose upon us.

SELWYN.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TWO DAYS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

After a rough and fatiguing day's ride, we arrived on the banks of the Potomac. And surely never was there a more lovely evening. The sight of the water, through

the trees upon the river's brink, operating upon the imagination, and the real coolness of the deep ravine, through which it flows, brought refreshment at once, both to the mind and the body. As we passed up the gap, some high golden clouds raised their huge folds above the mountain-tops, on either hand, and told us the sun was still shining in the upper region, though his beams had long left the chasm through which we were winding our way. It seemed as if heaven were heaping her airy mountains on those of earth, as did the giants of old, when they attempted to scale the battlements of the skies. Thus were the sublimities of nature combined, to render that evening as grand and beautiful as the imagination can conceive, even when she ascends her brightest heaven of invention. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, as I reached the ferry. And never could I have visited this romantic spot in a more fortunate moment. The first object that attracted my attention, was a tremendous crag on the side of the mountain, which, peering out from among the trees, and leaning over the water, seemed to preside in its majesty over the meeting of the two rivers, that rush together beneath its feet. From the boat, as I passed the stream, I had a most beautiful view of those three most wonderful chasms. From the north-west, embosomed deep in the mountain, flows down the Potomac. Its bed is rocky. Down its course the water, for a while, flashes over the stones, then settles to a deep dark pool, in which it seems to deliberate a while before it takes another leap in its mad career. The vista formed by this channel, and the clouds above, which seemed to rest upon the mountains on each side, was beyond description beautiful. The clouds had formed themselves into shapes, which in calm weather they often assume, much like the waves of the sea. The whole sky, as much of it as was visible, in the long opening between the mountains, seemed a sea of gold, wave rising behind wave, till they were lost in the distant horizon. The walls of this long Nature's palace hall, were formed by the green and undulating sides of the mountain. The river alternately sparkling over its rapids, and reflecting from its deep pools, the rich colouring of the clouds, and near its margin on either side the dark shadows of the mountains, those towering mountains themselves, and that beautiful sky, formed a scene of grandeur and sublimity, which the imagination can more readily conceive than the pen describe. On the south-west, poured in the Shenandoah. Up the channel of this river too, the prospect was almost equally extensive, and equally sublime. But it was the sublimity of shade and darkness. The rays of the sun had not touched its waters for many an hour, so deep do they flow embedded in the hills. Turned away as this channel was, from the rays of the setting sun, the gloom of night had long since settled upon it, and its waters emerging from mist and darkness, seemed to be poured into the Potomac from a subterraneous cavern.

Toward the south-east, a no less beautiful prospect was presented. In that direction the Potomac pursues his mountain course, to mingle his wave with the wave of the ocean. I was at the time of the full moon, and of course opposite the sun, she "rising in cloudless majesty, apparent queen," looked in the magnificent scenery her brother had just left. And truly it was difficult to say, whether the western prospect, though still glowing with the rich colouring of departing day, was not surpassed in beauty by the milder radiance which filled the eastern. At the very extremity of the chasm, when the mountains seemed to close upon the lessening stream, appeared the moon. Her light reflected from the pointed rock, the glittering ripple; and the shining mountain side, seemed to deck the spot with liquid silver; while the mists of evening that had began to rise, stole up among the crag in a thousand fantastic shapes, and added, as they played in the moonbeams, a sort of unearthly charm to the scenery which they partly obscured.

By the time I had passed the river, and quietly taken up my quarters for the night, daylight had faded from the west, and the moon had almost gained her meridian height. I stole out to enjoy the coolness and stillness of night. As good fortune would have it, I spontaneously struck into the very path I would have chosen, had I been perfectly acquainted with the place. It was the walk upon the banks of the canal beside the river. Not a breath of air was stirring. The hum of the village died away upon my ear. The thick foliage upon the trees, was as still as if it were bound by some mysterious charm. Their shadows, as I walked over them, moved not—trembled not. They were as motionless as the ground, as the earth they fell upon. Nothing was heard but the sullen roar of the waters, as they danced and bounded by in their course.

"All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence."

After enjoying to the full, this combination of earth's and heaven's beauties mingled, I found my way back to the village, fully satisfied should I see nothing more, I had been amply repaid the labour of my journey.

Next morning I ascended to Jefferson's Rock, from thence to take a more elevated and extensive view of this wonderful place. Here, where the sage of Monticello is said to have written the sketch, which appears in his notes on Virginia, I could discern for a great distance in each direction, the beds of these beautiful streams. Their march through the opposing mountains, is truly grand. The theory which Mr. Jefferson advanced of the country above the Blue Ridge, having been once a vast lake, is very beautiful, but rather suited to the poet than the philosopher. A magnificent sight would it have been, surely, to see so vast a flood of waters break through their high and rocky barrier, ploughing themselves a passage to the very foundations of the mountains. How much soever we feel disposed to gratify our imaginations with such a thought, reason puts in her chilling admonition, and assures us, that nothing but the same Almighty hand, that first raised the mountain, and bad the river to flow, could open this tremendous chasm for the passage of these united streams.

There is one circumstance in the meeting of these waters, not a little curious. The Potomac, which flows through country full of red clay, has at the junction of the Shenandoah a red and muddy colour. The Shenandoah, on the other hand, having passed through a rocky limestone country, is exceedingly clear and transparent. After their junction, they flow for miles together without mingling their waters; the muddy on the one side, and the clear on the other, like virtue and sin floating down the stream of life together. So the poets fabled the fountain Arethusa:

"Sic tibi, quum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam!"

VIRGIL.

"So may thy silver stream beneath the tide,
Unmixed with briny seas securely glide."

DRYDEN.

But if Harper's Ferry be worth visiting for the sublimity and beauty of its natural scenery, it is no less so on account of the work of art, which it contains. The day I visited the armory. There are here at present, about one hundred thousand stand of arms, laid up in store for the future defenders of our country. The government, it seems, have their muskets made no longer bright, but brown. For what reason it is difficult to determine. Perhaps it is to keep alive the primitive courage of the soldiery, as it was in the days of the revolution, when our poor grandfathers had nothing else but rusty guns to fight with; or perhaps, if wars cannot be made to cease, they wish to save a part, at least, of a prophetic character;

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with *gleaming steel* be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle war no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end."

The beauty and accuracy with which every mechanical operation is here performed, does honour to American genius and enterprise. Almost every part of the musket and of the rifle, is here made by mechanical process. The improvements which have been, from time to time invented, now leave scarce any thing to be desired. By a late improvement in the structure of rifles, it is proved by actual experiment, they may be discharged, with deliberate aim, at the rate of eight times a minute. With Mr. Hall's rifles, and Mr. Perkins' steam cannon, the science of destruction must soon, one would think, be brought to perfection.

To complete the exhibition of nature's sublimities, we this evening had a tremendous thunder storm. Toward nightfall a murky cloud was seen to overtop the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge. Gradually it overcast the entire sky the surrounding mountains leave open overhead. The slight breeze that had been playing through the gap, now died away; and the deep eddies reflected, as in a mirror the inverted trees and precipices which hung over them. Every sound of nature seemed to be hushed in deep expectancy of the approaching tempest. Long it delayed. Darkness began to settle upon the glen, and night was throwing her dusky mantle on all around. The clouds seemed met in solemn council, and awhile with gathered heads, appeared in deep consultation, whether to refresh us with their watery treasures. At last the signal came. A tremendous thunder-clap broke upon us, rending as it would seem, the rocky caverns of the mountains. Scarce had its deep reverberations ceased to bellow through the long retreating ravines, before another and another followed in quick succession, revealing through the shades the rugged precipices they shattered. Down came the rain as if shaken from the clouds. Faster and faster it poured in cataracts. The mountain streams now gushed in torrents along their rocky channels, in headlong haste to join the swollen and discoloured flood below. Flash on flash, and peal on peal, the thunder rolled. Larger and faster the drops came down, till the air seemed a mingled sheet of fire and water, and the earth a swimming deluge.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps' who call to her aloud!"

"And this is in the Night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

"Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storm hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

"Sky, mountain, river, wind, lake, lightnings ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest,
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

"Could I embody and unbosom now
That what is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passion, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

And where was I, in the mean time? Where was I, sure enough? Indulging in my favourite stroll upon the bank of the canal and the bank of the river. Ere I was aware, the rain was falling in large bubbling drops upon the glassy surface of the artificial stream by my side.—Thinking it would be but for a moment, I continued my walk. Soon, however, the increasing violence of the storm compelled me to seek a shelter. Accordingly I claimed the protection of an ancient oak, whose thick and wide spreading branches seemed to promise a secure retreat. Here spreading my umbrella, I resolved to wait in philosophic patience the abatement of the storm. But, as Patrick Henry says, "it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope," and here I found it so to my sorrow; for instead of abating, every moment seemed to add to the size and number of the drops as they fell. I now found myself completely invested by the rain. That it had surrounded me, I could not deny. That it had undermined me, was equally evident from the streams that were serially washing away the ground beneath my feet. As it is a maxim in law, "cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum," I found the same claimant fast taking possession of the whole intermediate space. For my umbrella, which had before sustained a character of the highest respectability as a protector, now deserted its trust. Amid the general weeping of nature, it could not violate the laws of sympathy;—it fell a weeping too. Large portentous drops, I perceived, were starting forth beneath its eyelids, just ready to fall upon my head. Many were the attempts I made, by various wri'hings and twistings of the body, to avoid them as they fell, but all to no purpose. Drop after drop came down, each wetting me to the skin. Thus driven to extremities, I made a precipitate retreat to the tavern, and took up my quarters for the night.

The morning was beautiful as the evening had been sublime. The rain of the preceding night had cooled the atmosphere, and given a new glow of freshness to the foliage. The trees gently waving in the morning air, appeared as if strung with pearls or dropping with amber. All nature was awake, with her thousand voices, to hail the new-born day.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with check all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb—
And glowing into day; we may resume
The march of our existence, and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And time for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly."

The time is now come when I must take leave of this magnificent scenery. I shall take leave of it in person, but there is no spot where my thoughts will oftener be found lingering, than about the mountains, the precipices, the water-falls, and the dusky glens of Harper's Ferry.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TALES OF OUR OWN STATE.

No. I.....CONTINUED.

THE fertility of the soil, upon which our adventurer had fixed his abode, was such as to render the pursuits of agriculture productive of pleasure rather than of toil. Before the summer had closed, he, with the assistance of his sons and nephew, had changed the wilderness into a garden, and caused the desert to smile by the magic touch of art. His family, seemed to enjoy the happiness he derived from the contemplation that he had at length found an abode, where he no more should be witness to the treachery and insincerity of mankind. But there were two members of his household who derived a higher gratification from the very isolation of their situation—with fraud and insincerity, they were totally unacquainted, and where one was present there could be no solitude for the other. The daughter of the emigrant had received in her own country those accomplishments to which the wealth and standing of her father gave her a title. But she had been withdrawn from fashionable life, ere she had imbibed any of its follies—before the warm feelings of her heart had been extinguished by the heartless intercourse to which she would have been doomed—and whilst the unrestrained emotions of *youth* were blended with the grace and modesty of *nature*. Her cousin had been admitted into the family of her father, a few months before his departure from his country. He united the benefits of a refined education to a mind naturally strong and vigorous; and the charms of an imposing form, to the impulses of a heart, at once warm and ingenuous—since the period of his removal to the new world he had been the constant companion of his cousin, and had been admitted to all the familiarities which their near connexion, and the relation they were placed in towards each other, warranted. It would not be a subject for surprise then, if they imbibed for each other those feelings which their youth and relative position seemed calculated to excite. They had wandered through the romantic woods that surrounded their dwelling—they had explored the adjacent country, in every direction; they had sailed on the quiet bosom of the river that glided by their door, in a canoe which the young man had constructed; and had, in short, learned to chide the lazy paced hours that were passed in each others absence, and to wonder at the velocity with which those same hours sped, whilst they were seated by each other, or wandered along the verdant banks of the river. In this manner passed the autumn. Winter came on, and brought with it, some additional care, but produced little discontent in the cabin of the adventurers. It passed away, and the spring brought back the pleasant walks and rural enjoyments and quiet delights of the tenants of the forest. The youths again launched their canoes upon the stream, and in the spirit of adventurous daring explored the country to a greater extent than they had yet done. They sometimes left their cabin for days together, and proceeded down or up the river, in quest of new scenes and new adventures. They generally returned loaded with the spoils of the chase, and eager to communicate to their parent and sister, the wonders they had seen, and the perils they had encountered. But the day was not far distant, when this smiling and happy family was destined to be visited with danger, difficulty and death. The young men, as was their constant practice, had embarked on the morning of a fine day in June, in their boats, for the purpose of supplying their family with the spoils of the river. They had descended a considerable distance below their habitation, when upon rounding an abrupt point in the river, they were no less surprised than alarmed to observe a birchen canoe moored in a little stream which poured its waters into the Monocacy. They consulted for a moment what course to pursue, and decided almost without hesitation to examine the cause of so singular an appearance, and prepare for the danger which it threatened. Leaving their boats, and ascending the high and precipitous banks of the river, they searched, but in vain, for the signs of human presence. Not a footstep, not the slightest pressure, could be seen upon the soft sand which covered the shore. They abandoned their project and returned gloomy and apprehensive to their home. But the delight which had heretofore invariably succeeded their assemblage in the little cot had fled. The form of a savage and brutal Indian was every where present to their disturbed imaginations. They communicated their fears, and the causes of them, to their father and uncle, and even he seemed to join in the general panic. But as fears and regrets were now unavailing, they determined to prepare for defence, and the rest of the day was spent in devising and putting into execution, plans for their future protection. At the approach of night it was determined that they should alternately keep watch, and the elder brother was appointed for the first stage of the night. The scene seemed one little calculated for the perpetration of violence or crime. The moon was riding in a sky, whose deep azure was only chequered by light fleecy clouds, that instead of interrupting the illimitable view, seemed to render the heavens more beautiful by their momentary interposition between the spectator and the firmament. But the calmness of the night failed to sooth the tenants of the cabin to sleep. The apprehensions of danger were heightened by the silence and solitude of the scene. The father groaned in the bitterness of his spirit, and reproached himself for having drawn those who were dependent upon him, to a wilderness where they would encounter the dangers of wild beasts and ferocious savages. He seemed to realize for the first time the madness of his

scheme, and to reflect, that however indifferent he might himself be to life and its enjoyments, there were others who longed for the pleasures of society, and had a claim upon him stronger than his misanthropic feelings and selfish delights. Whilst the family were brooding over their future prospects, a crackling like that of burning timber was heard at one corner of the hut, and in a moment the light materials of which it was constructed were enveloped in flames. To remain in the building were certain death; and to venutre out, was to expose themselves to the deadly tomahawks and arrows of their relentless enemies. Whilst they were beholding the rapid destruction of their dwelling, and preparing to leave it for the uncertain and dangerous covering of the woods, a yell, whose horrid import was too well understood, burst upon their ears, and the bravest heart sunk at the sound. Almost at the same moment, a dozen Indians sprang through the half opened door, and in another moment their tomahawks had drunk the blood of the unfortunate father and one of his sons. The nephew animated by his love for his cousin, who had fainted by his side, seized a weapon, and succeeded in stretching his foremost enemy upon the earth, but what could his single strength avail against a host! The ruthless Indians, who spare neither age nor sex, buried their tomahawks in the fair temples of the prostrate female, tore from her head the scalp by her lovely hair, inflicted an hundred wounds upon the bodies of her brother and cousin, raised a wild shout of triumph, and departed.

Such, reader, is the tradition which thou mayest hear, with all its minutest circumstances, by visiting, if thou hast leisure, the spot upon which it occurred.

FOR THE EMERALD.

bawltymore orgust 12—1000 8 *hundrid & twenti* 8.

Mr. editter—synce i last rote mi lettur ov the 4 ov thys *munth* i hav; *kollecktid mattur suffyssint toe fonim a nue* kommunikashun And synce riting is my delyte i am anxous toe giv u mi expeeryense that u may; expos it toe the publyc who wyl i am shure rede it wyth avyditi——the foloing lettur i rote toe mi bruthur a fu dais ago & if U, thynk it wurthi ov pubblycashun it is intyrely at your dysposil

Toe *tom Bushie* Allyginni kounti—up kountry.

deer tom i hav seam sutch syghts in thys sitty ov bawltymore as wood astonyisch anni man ov kommun nollege u had better kum doun and pa me a vyssit for i no; u wil bee mutch pleezed wyth your tryp——i went the uthur da toe se: The *tellysscoap* and the *mycrowscoap* as thay kall them—the last menshamed wos exibbitted in the da tyme and their; wair lotts ov ladys and gentilmen pressent who lyke mi-elfe wair; mytyly pleezed wyth the Exibbitshun—it is a *sollur mycrowscoap* and if u ar fond of axamynyng the moast dellykate wurks ov natur their is a fyne feeld for u—the man that exibbitted it is verri lernid he told us that; a thyng that lukked moar lyke the probossys ov a ellefint was: A styng ov a bee!!—and shoed us the leg ov a muskeeter 12 feat in lengthe—a lowse abowt the syze ov a tarrypin a flee as byg as a lobbstur & a bed bug as byg as a pan kake!!—i wos in a wundirment oll the wyle——tom! nevvur eet chease for it is; Ful ov annymals as larg as beattils that ar olwais fiting and dont drynk vinniggur for in; won drop i sor twenti eals eche syx feat long—the lernid man that exibbited this straing fernomminone had a gud deel toe sa but; noboddy payed attenshun toe him for he wos to noing for bawltymore

At nite i went toe se the tellysscoap annuthur straing peece ov mekkanissim i lukked thru at a star thay kolled jew-Peter—they tolled me it had a belt but i kuldent se it but thys saem tellysscoap is a mity wunderfool thyng i sor toune, sittys, mowntings, ryvvers &c. plenti in jew-Peter--and at won tyme i sor a man workyng in a gardyn reedyng a nues papur—a feller neer me sayd he herd him reed a-lowd—but i; Dont beleeve it for i lystinned with oll my myght

bawltymore has menny nattural and artyfishel kuryossyties their is; The Woshington Monnewment a grate werk and won that wyl immortailyze he syttizins ov thys plaise it is 9 thowsand feat abov the sytti—a purson kan goe too the top and wyspur to won that is at the bottum wythout beeing heerd by ani won els—it is shapid sumthyng lyke a haf-grone sparrer-gras and ryzis magestycalli from a mud-hyll toe the clowds as if; as; the powit sais "it wair drynking the litenings of heven"——bawltymore is justli kalled the *monnewmental sytti* for it: Has uthur monnewments *wis* (witch meens naimli) the battil monnewment—the shot-tour;—the athyneehum—the X-change—the theehatur and a flotyng monnewment in the baysin kalled the mud-skow——i hav offin wunderid wether thys sitti was destyned toe bee prospurrus in trayde and commyrce thay ar abowt maikyng a rayl-rode from hear toe *ohigho* whitch it is sayd wyl doe mutch bennyfit to the syttizyns and kountry jennerilly for hole lodes ov upkountry kommoditys kan bee brot to the plaice by steem ind; wyth a villossitty that wyl asstonnysh the *whirld*—i hoap i ma lyve toe se it fynnishid

giv mi luv toe cuzzin salli and tel hur that the bawltymore gals kannot hold a kandal to ower kountry lassis i shal at sum futer peeryodd giv hur mi reesons for sai-ing soe your affeckshunnate bruthur Bill busbie

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SELECTED.

THE NATCHEZ BRIDE.

"My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of Woman's love!"—*Voyage to the Moon.*

The funeral mounds, which are profusely scattered over the surface of our country, cannot have failed to excite the attention of the least observant. They are generally found upon the beautiful levels which lie along the borders of streams every where intersecting a region, once the undisputed dominion of the free born Indian. Now, alas! they exhibit no vestige of his race, save only these green and solitary monuments, at once the evidence of his power and instability. How many noble, how many generous, how many gentle and affectionate hearts, lie sleeping here! The warrior, whose daring deeds once struck terror to the soul of the invader—the maiden, whose guileless bosom acknowledged no monitor, but the impulse of her innocent heart—the matron, whose hospitality warmed and cherished the unfeeling men, even now prepared for crime and violence; and infant innocence, heedlessly sporting with the glittering instruments of undistinguished slaughter.

It is about forty years since a surveyor of the "Natchez district" was employed to compromise the differences existing between two wealthy individuals, by re-surveying a large body of lands, the lines of which conflicted, and occasioned much discord in the neighbourhood. These lands embraced a large proportion of the fertile plains watered by Second Creek, once as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as at this day by their civilized proprietors. During the progress of the survey, the course passed over a mound, similar in form to those ordinarily seen, but of very small dimensions. It was encircled by trees, so disposed as to preclude the supposition of the arrangement having been the result of accident; and in its centre, carried almost to a point, grew a magnificent oak and its branches shaded the entire circumference.

It was erected at one extremity of a peninsula, formed by the meanders of the creek; and the spot was so retired, calm and beautiful, that the steps of the party were arrested, and they stopped there for repose and refreshment.

The eye of the practised surveyor, is extremely acute; and after some examination, he remarked to his companions, that the earth must have been raised "to identify an important corner."

"If" said he, "it had been larger, I should have pronounced it a burying place; but the Indians did'nt do these matters in so small a way; they were never known to be over-fond of digging, and so, as fast as they were killed off, they piled them in layers, you see, until the height became distressing; and then they began another. This little hill, would hardly hold a pair."

"It can't be a Spanish corner," said one of his companions, "for this oak grew here long before a Spaniard over trod the soil; its size speaks for it; it is at least a hundred years old; and more than all, it is a planted tree."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the surveyor, "but it may have been set here in French times."

"Ha!" exclaimed the third, "the Frenchmen, God knows, took as little pains about lines, as their copper faced friends; land was too plenty, in those times, even if they had not been too lazy to work it. The Natchez were the cooks and bottle washers for *Mounseer;* and the fattest turkey, the best quarter of venison, and the first choice of women, always fell to *number one.*"

"Spanish or French," now triumphantly shouted the surveyor, "here is the mark."

His companions went to the tree, and though they examined with interested eyes, they could not discover what professional acumen so clearly distinguished, and eagerly pointed out. Axe-men, nevertheless, were called, and the tree was felled; on splitting it, they discovered, almost at the centre, and as distinct as if just carved there, the rude representation of a cross.

At this document, the man of the compass was excessively puzzled, and finally relinquished all hopes of unravelling the mystery; observing, "it is no corner;" and added very gravely, (though it is to be hoped, not with a construction which might attach,) "the cross was never a surveyor's mark."

The party then abandoned further investigation. Since that time, well authenticated tradition has detailed the history of the oak, and the mound on which it grew. It was calculated, as our friend, the umpire, remarked, only for "a pair;" and a hapless pair were they, that lay in this green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century, found the adventurous Frenchmen who penetrated the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great favour with the Natchez nation. The politeness, so proverbial, of this versatile people, and the ease with which they assimilate themselves to the habits of those among whom they may be thrown, give them advantages among savage tribes over all other nations. As relates to the unfortunate Natchez, the French did not properly appreciate their motives, and the honest effusions of native benevolence, were attributed to duplicity or cowardice. It is not intended here, to detail the wrongs of that race, who were distinguished, above every other within the limits of Northern America, for the refinement of their manners, the gentleness of their disposition, the chivalric character of their courage, and the unsuspected hospitality, which resulted from this felicitous combination of moral virtues. It is sufficient, in the progress of our story, to recall to the reader, the unsparing acts of insults and oppression, which latterly characterized the French, and the vindictive spirit which the Indian, driven to desperation, would naturally exhibit.

A young man whose father bore a commission in the service of the French king, had accompanied him to America, at a period when the best intelligence existed betw

the natives and the emigrant strangers. The youth, though scarcely seventeen, was possessed of sound judgment, uncommon talents, and a most noble and ingenious disposition. His form, where every manly grace seemed springing into maturity, contained a heart replete with every virtue. His mind had been sedulously cultivated; and though withdrawn, at an early age, from the discipline of the schools, he was deeply imbued with the love of literature, and the thirst after knowledge; and his whole character presented a bright contrast to the reckless spirits by which he was surrounded.

On his arrival among the Natchez, his kindness and suavity speedily rendered him a favourite. He engaged in all their pursuits, and indulged in their pastimes; no difficulty subdued his enterprize, no danger repelled his intrepidity. The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance, and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior regarded with admiration the calmness of his courage and his disregard of danger. Mild and engaging in his manners, the children thronged tumultuously around him; and in their artless affection, they named him "the good Frenchman." He climbed the trees for the grape and the pecean, distributed among them the simple ornaments which they admired, gathered wild flowers for their hair, and selected for them the most beautiful feathers from the plumage of the Heron and the Flamingo. But, beyond the more desire of pleasing, he was anxious to attain a nobler end; that of being useful; and he instructed this docile people, so far as they fell in his influence, in those domestic arts which were likely to prove beneficial. To the elder, he taught agriculture, and such occupations as best suited their capacities; to the younger, the literature of his native land; holding out to all, in their grandeur and sublimity, the bright promises of that religion, which influenced his own actions and exalted his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre, was the daughter of a chief, in whose family he maintained the most friendly intercourse. She was, at this period, but twelve years of age: and still, in his estimation, as well as in fact, a child. She listened with delight to his instructions, and her confiding disposition won upon his affections, while her expanding intellect promised the most complete success in the cultivation of her mind. This result became daily more evident; his exertions were redoubled; and in the lapse of four years, the native sagacity and vigorous intellect of the interesting Natchez, refined and invigorated by useful knowledge, shone forth in intellectual beauty.

She was named, in the figurative language of her race, "*The Morning Star.*" St. Pierre, in playfulness, and for the sake of brevity, called her Etoile.

They had now become inseparable; they walked together through the boundless forests, which bloomed around them, together they trod the margin of that stream, whose living waters, even at this early day, bore upon their bosom the soft voice of melody, and which now, in the delicious calm of a summer sunset, or beneath the cloudless serenity of a mellow moon, are unsurpassed in brightness: together they admired the sublime works of the creator; distant and resplendent worlds, wheeling, in their immensity, their silent majesty and unapproachable magnificence; and together they knelt in adoration of the Almighty Author, amidst the stupendous works of his own hands and the evidences of his omnipotence.

It is unnecessary to add, that hearts thus in unison, had imbibed other sentiments than those which characterized their earlier intercourse; or, that the enthusiasm of the instructor, and the emulation of the pupil, had been exchanged for mutual admiration, and deep and ardent affection.

At the age of twenty-one, manly grace sat enshrined in the peerless form of the ingenious youth; and sixteen summers had unfolded the beauties, and matured the attractions of her, whom he now loved beyond all the world beside.

At this period of our narrative, the encroachments of the French had reached a point which became intolerable to the Natchez; and every circumstance, unequivocally shewed, that opportunity alone was wanting, to bring down retributive vengeance on the aggressors. Intercourse had gradually declined; mistrust took possession of the minds of the French, and they resumed, at least in appearance, order and military discipline.

St. Pierre, had witnessed these indications with regret, and observed the approach of the storm which was soon to burst in resistless fury.

The chief, who had regarded the intimacy of his daughter and the christian youth with the indifference of a savage, was unsuspicious of the sympathy which united their hearts; he told them nevertheless, that all intercourse must now cease; to St. Pierre, he declared that faith and truce with his nation was at an end; that when they again met, it must be as enemies, and in battle; for the Natchez warriors were sworn to immutable and deadly hate. Finally he warned him, as he regarded his safety, to return again across the great lake, over which his nation had come to the distress and ruin of an unoffending people. Arguments were lost on the inexorable warrior. St. Pierre plead with the most impassioned eloquence, offering to mediate between the exasperated parties, and to effect a firm and lasting compact; but all was vain; the vow had been registered in the temple of the Sun, and was irrevocable.

Driven almost to despair, the unhappy lovers at length confessed the nature of their attachment; but the glance which met the submissive look of the trembling girl, too plainly indicated high displeasure. The chief upbraided her as unworthy of her lineage and of her nation, who could consent to mingle her blood with the enemies of her race; he spurned the idea with scorn, and assured her that she was destined to an alliance with a warrior of her own tribe. He then turned, once more, to St. Pierre, and advised him to shun impending danger. This sentence, the lovers knew, was irreversible. They contrived, however, to take a hasty leave, to agree upon a place for an interview, should opportunity permit; renewed their pledges of unalterable affection, and determined to wait patiently for more auspicious days.

Many elapsed; and the obstacles presented to a meeting, by the distance of the French encampment, and the increased vigilance of the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable. Circumstances now transpired, however, which rendered action indispensable, without regard to consequences. Etoile was informed by her father, that the period for her marriage was fixed; and that the young and brave of the nation, were to signalize the occasion by a grand hunting party.

Without betraying the emotions which rent her soul, she seemed to acquiesce in the wishes of her father; determined, nevertheless, to avoid, at all hazards, a fate more awful than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she induced a young Indian to bind himself to her service. She intrusted him to proceed by night to the French encampment, cautiously to approach the chain of the sentinels, and to send an arrow which she had prepared within the lines. To it she attached a small piece of paper, on which was inscribed in emblematic characters, the intelligence she was desirous of communicating. She assured St. Pierre, that unless their escape was speedily accomplished, her doom was sealed, for that the next week was appointed for her marriage; she further informed him that, at the rising of the moon on that evening, she would meet him at a place designated, and fly with him from scenes which to them both, were fraught with peril. This communication being firmly fixed on the arrow, the messenger was despatched; and he faithfully performed his engagement.

The missile was picked up in the morning by one of the soldiers. The novelty of the affair excited some curiosity, but no suspicion; and the "Indian picture," as it was called, circulated among the officers, until it fell into the hands of St. Pierre. To him it presented no mystery; and he speedily and joyfully prepared to obey its requisitions. The eventful day at length arrived—Etoile appeared calm and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque costume of her nation, heightened in effect by her own exquisite taste, she never looked more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Suspicion was thus disarmed, and she was left to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warrior had accompanied their companion, whose singular good fortune was that day to have been complete, in the possession of the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon the expedition which her father had represented to her as one of hunting, in honour of her nuptials; the party was to return in the evening, and the marriage to be solemnized amidst general rejoicing. Towards the close of the day, Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally, from her unsuspecting companions, and a few hours brought her to the place of meeting. The anxious St. Pierre had anticipated her, and they were once more in each others arms. No time was now to be lost; the night was advancing, and they knew that her absence must soon be discovered. They determined, therefore, to turn their steps towards the French quarters, to remain for present safety, and until opportunity should enable them to reach a port whence they might embark for Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They were surprised, on their arrival at the lines, to find their approach unobstructed; the challenge of the sentinel was unheard, and the solitude of the desert, and a smouldering heap of ruins, were alone there, to indicate the fate which had overwhelmed that unhappy garrison. So secret had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal their expedition, which, under the disguise of a hunting party, was intended against the French, that they fell upon them at sunset totally unprepared for so daring a design, and massacred them to a man. This was the chase which was to honour the marriage of a warrior's daughter, and was emphatically called by the Indians, "The hunt of the French dogs."

The onset was made and the catastrophe accomplished during the time taken up by St. Pierre and Etoile, in reaching the spot appointed for their meeting. To describe their sensations at the spectacle they now encountered, is not in the power of language; but danger pressed so sharply upon them, that time was not offered for lamentation and fruitless regret; their only hope was now to elude the pursuit, which they knew must speedily be instituted.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route to the next French post, there lived, in complete safety and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Roman Catholic order; he had retired from the shameless depravity and irreligion which latterly degraded the French, and living in solitude, and undisturbed by the Indians, who respected him for his humanity, devoted his days to prayer and contemplation.

To the hospitality of this holy man, they therefore determined to commit themselves; to solicit his services in solemnizing their marriage; and thence, to pursue their course to the sea-board and to sail to France.

In the prosecution of these intentions, they committed themselves to the dangers of the wilderness, and on the following evening reached the dwelling of the religeuse. He received them with the utmost tenderness, and listen-

ed to their mournful story, and the sad fate of his countrymen, with undissembled grief; but well knowing the vigilance and untiring perseverance of the Indians, the good priest urged them to prosecute their journey without the least delay. He first confirmed their vows in the holy sacrament of marriage, and pronounced their indissoluble union. A hasty repast was prepared by their host, a blessing pronounced, and again they recommence their pilgrimage.

The moon rose once more in cloudless majesty, seemed by the cold serenity which sat upon her changeless disk, to mock the thousand emotions which alternately agitated the wanderers; but on the ensuing morning, the sun shone out in splendour; the forest resounded with the gush of music, and their spirits seemed to revel under the vivifying beauties of the coming day. Wearied nevertheless, by exertion, which had been almost unremitted, and trusting that pursuit had been relinquished, they now sought the repose, which exhausted nature imperiously demanded. The sun had already passed the zenith, before the wearied youth awoke from the false visions which transported him, with that beloved one, to home and kindred, far from persecution and danger, among the green hills and sunny glades of his own vine-clad land. Springing up, and regarding for a moment the slumberer by his side, lying there in her innocence and beauty, he most unwillingly dispersed the fair visions which seemed to impart to her repose unbroken serenity.

They now arose; the evening was delightful; the heavens were unobscured by a cloud; and a balmy and refreshing breeze with the prospect of approaching safety, inspired the travellers with new hope.

Apprehension, though thus allayed, was not banished from their minds. The anxious and vigilant St. Pierre, had paused frequently within the last hour, as if in the attitude of listening; he climbed a tree to the topmost branch, and then descending, pressed his ear to the earth; but at length resumed his composure.

"My fears are groundless," said he; "it is but the moaning of the forest wind."

"But, hark! again! Pshaw! it is the cry of the wolf: he is early on the chase; some straggling deer has passed his den, and the savage is roused by the scent of blood."

And now, at shorter intervals, there came upon the breeze, low and broken, but not unmelodious tones, like the closing ring of a distant guitar, or the parting wind of an Æolian harp, now for a moment pausing, as if in doubt and perplexity, and again breaking forth in the ecstacy of triumph. The strain came bounding on: the deep notes swelled out into their fullest scope, and pealed sullenly through the surrounding hills.

"It is not the cry of a wolf," resumed the attentive St. Pierre; "nor yet the yell of the panther and dogs. There are none in this wilderness.

The wild music now opening from the highlands, fell coldly on the heart of the terrified girl; for it was beyond a doubt, that a foot unerring as death, hung like destiny on their footsteps.

"It is the bay of Sanglinat," she exclaimed in agony; "We are lost, for ever lost! My father's blood hound is out, and when his cry is on the wind, faith herself may resign all hope."

Her words proved too true. The Indians, unexpectedly baffled by the stratagems of the fugitives, had well nigh abandoned pursuit. At this juncture, it was fatally proposed to despatch a runner for the favourite dog of the chief. He was of a stock well known in the cruel history of the early emigrants to Cuba; celebrated for staunchness and indomitable courage; for great vigour, incredible powers of scent, and of matchless endurance in the chase. His sagacity, in this instance, had not been too highly appreciated, and his cry was hailed by the pursuers with a shout of savage exultation.

St. Pierre, convinced that flight or resistance was alike unavailing, submitted in silence and unshaken fortitude: but his disconsolate companion, overcome by the various emotions which had so rapidly agitated her bosom, sank helplessly into the arms of her husband; and thus they were taken captives by the triumphant Indians.

The prisoners were re-conducted to the village. The good father, who well knew the fate which awaited St. Pierre, accompanied the party, in order to afford him those consolations which christianity always confers in mortal extremity.

In a solemn council of the nation, the unfortunate Frenchman was condemned to the stake, amidst the lamentation of the women and the heart rending cries of the children; to all of whom he was endeared by a thousand tender recollections. The preliminaries to such an execution, are too well known to require repetition: they are such at least, as humanity shrinks from contemplating.

The hour at length arrived, and the victim, serene and undismayed, was bound to the stake. Over his head hung an image of the sun: as if the sacrifice then to be offered, was to prove acceptable to that divinity; perhaps in derision of the holy faith of the sufferer.

In many circles of great height, increasing from the centre, were disposed the combustibles destined to terminate this tragedy.

The wife too, was there: and she viewed the preparations with the calm and steady eye of an indifferent spectator. Not a tear escaped her; not an intercession was urged; for she knew them to be vain and hopeless. She was attired in her bridal dress, disposed with the utmost elegance; at her girdle, almost concealed by the folds of her tunic, hung a small hatchet; and folded to her bosom, she bore a beautiful silver cross, presented by her husband, in days of peace and happiness. Through the top of it was bored a small hole, in which was inserted a strong and sharp bone, either of fish or fowl. Little regard was paid to her, in the engrossing interest which attracted all eyes to the pile, now bursting into a blaze; and the smoke and flame wreathed up into wild and fearful eddies. Ozinde, at this moment, sprang forward into the line of fire, which repelled the near approach of the executioners.

"I come, I come, my love!" she exclaimed; "I am forever thine; neither the cruelty of man, nor the terrors of death, shall sever us; the emblem under which we die, assures us of another and a happier home."

At the same instant, she struck the image of the sun from the stake; and with one blow of her hatchet, planted the cross in its place: then embracing the form of her husband, she yielded up her noble spirit.

The aged priest collected their ashes, raised the mound in which they were deposited, and encircled it with the most lovely trees of the forest. He planted in its centre the oak which has been described, and engraved upon it the sign of the cross: a simple memorial of christian faith and mortal suffering.

Natchez Ariel.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE FIFTH.

"O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams;
And still my body drank.

I mov'd and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about:
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danc'd between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship mov'd on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon,
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor mov'd their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helsman steer'd, the ship mov'd on:
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They rais'd their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
"Be calm thou wedding guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun:
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix't, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceas'd; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon.
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Mov'd onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From land of mist and snow,
The spirit slept, and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ships stood still also.

The sun came up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He lov'd the bird that lov'd the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
And soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.''

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

Tradition of the Choctaws.

THE UNIVERSAL DELUGE.

The Choctaws have some vague notion respecting the deluge. They state, that, at a very remote period, there was a great deluge, which spread over the whole earth. It was preceded by a preternatural darkness of long continuance. They say, that at the commencement of this darkness, the people went to sleep as usual, and after sleeping the usual time, they awoke, and darkness was on the face of the earth. This excited alarm. The darkness was so great, that neighbours could have no intercourse with each other, except by a torch light. After some time, they discerned, as they thought, the dawning of day in the east. This occasioned great joy, and they went from house to house to congratulate one another on the return of light. But they were soon undeceived; for what they supposed to be light, proved to be a great body of water, like the sea, which, coming with immense velocity, swept away all before it. Some few who were in more elevated situations, succeeded in making rafts, and getting upon them, but the beavers gnawed off the bark, by which the logs of the rafts were tied together, and thus, after having their hopes raised of escaping the destruction which was around them, they were plunged in the water, and irretrievably lost. One raft, however, made of reed, escaped the ravages of the beavers, and outrode the storm, and all who were on it were saved, but the number is not known. *Missionary Herald.*

SPANISH JURISPRUDENCE.

An extraordinary case of crime was recently tried before the tribunal of Malaga—the history and termination of which will be found in the article annexed.—*Bulletin.*

Don Clemente Salmazedi, a rich merchant established at Malaga, took, some time back, his two sons, Francisco and Angel, into partnership with him. Francisco, the eldest, who served as cashier, had a mistress named Jacoba, with whom he became so infatuated as to have no will but her's. At her lodgings he spent the greatest part of his time, and particularly his evenings. Several young men, amongst whom was Don Florencio Gidalva, were also in the habit of passing a part of the evening at Jacoba's apartments. After some time it was proposed, by way of killing time, to play at the game of *Monte*. Florencio Gidalva was appointed Banker. Night after night, Francisco Salmazedi played, and invariably lost: until at length the deficit in the cash of the firm entrusted to him, became so great, as to render discovery inevitable.—Though warned by some of his friends that he was the victim of a set of sharpers, he had hitherto been so blinded by his passion for Jacoba, that he neglected to watch the manœuvres practised upon him. However, having at length good reason to suppose that he had not only been cheated of his money, but also supplanted in the favors of Jacoba by F. Gidalva he repaired, on the evening of the 25th of September last, to his mistress's lodgings, where he found the usual party, and sat down to play, resolved, if possible, to detect the stratagem of which he had so often been the dupe. Having staked a large sum upon a card, he felt his foot pressed upon in a very significant manner, by that of Florencio Gidalva, the banker of the game—an intimation that was evidently meant to be addressed to some other of the party. The game of course went against him. The moment he lost his money he rose up, drew a poignard and plunged it into the heart of Florencio Gidalva. The rest of the party rushed from the room. Francisco pursued them, and overtaking his faithless and cheating mistress, Jacoba, stretched her dead at his feet. In a short time the Corregidor, who had been informed of the circumstance by some of the fugitives, entered Donna Jacoba's house, and found Francisco alone with the two dead bodies. He frankly acknowledged being the author of their deaths, and detailed the machinations which impelled him to the commission of the crime.—The depositions of the servants fully confirmed the truth of these details. Don Francisco was brought to trial, and sentenced to the galleys for a *hundred years and a day*, which sentence has been approved of by the Chancery of Grenada."

The following Epitaph is cut on a tombstone in Grimingham Church-yard, Yorkshire.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone—reader don't smile,
But reflect—as the tombstone you view,
That death, who killed Tom, in a very short while,
May *huddle a stone* upon you.

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We acknowledge the receipt of several favours from our correspondents, which shall appear shortly. The author of Tales of our own State, is requested to continue his contributions. The Review of the Omnipresence of the Deity in our last, should have been signed W. The omission was accidental.

THOUGHTS SELECTED FROM THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.—This is a very clever production, so far as it extends, and is calculated to save much time and a great deal of patience. Who, now a days, pretends to read a book through?—who, in the name of Cadmus or Faustus, presumes to devour all the literature that showers down like manna, with the peculiarities of Jeremiah's figs! Fortunately for lawyers, literary drizzlers, blue stockings, (who read to talk,) and more especially for editors, this is the age of digests, selections and indexes. Thus the accumulated genius and nonsense of ages, may be matured in almost as short a time as a classical scholar can be manufactured by Lempriere. The steam engine to mechanics, is nothing, compared with the index, as a *primum mobile* of learning. Canals and rail-roads are excellent means of commercial aggrandizement—but we are indebted to digests for every thing. In the advancement of the age, we anticipate the time when judicial processes will be regulated by Bonnycastle or Euler—when the parties to an action will present their pleadings in the form of an equation—the decision of the court being the unknown quantity; a project worthy of Mr. Brougham's consideration. At present, we are but groping in the shadow of improvement; still we enjoy privileges infinitely beyond those of our fathers, who were so *stupid*, that they hardly contrived to invent *breeches-braces* and over-alls. We are under the "march of mind," which beats the Rhodian collossus in its stride. With one foot in Liverpool and the other in New-York, the Atlantic roars under the sweep of its drapery—a very decent sized giant, and well calculated to make canals, &c. This is, further, the age of condensation and essence, though now and then you meet with an epic poem longer than the contemplated Ohio rail-road, and an abridgement of American law in eight volumes of six or seven hundred pages each; but even these have chapters of contents, which save the trouble of perusal; or a glorious index, which answers the same purpose. This is, particularly, the age of literary papers, which, were they conducted as they should be, would save the exertion of reading more than once a week. To promote this object, no book should be published, or at least noticed, unless it have its analysis appended, with an index to the analysis, which index might be abridged for the accommodation of readers. In this way literature could be more generally diffused; and one might hope, in the course of a few years, by such assistance, to read the Fredoniad at least half through, and refresh his memory of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa.

The volume before us contains, in two hundred and fifty-eight pages, all the poetry of England and America, for nearly three hundred years. Mr. Southey's longest poems are, it is true, not included, as is the case with the Columbiad—but we have enough there to educate the whole world in poetry, and to break Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees & Brown, of London. The selections in this book are very good, though a dozen books, just like it, might be made better. It is, nevertheless, worth owning, and will be considered as a valuable addition to any one's library.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE TIMES.

A POEM WITHOUT ANY NOTES....CANTO VI.

Dedicated to the Lovers of Bathos.

I.

Now Morn, with matron step and languid eye,
Leads on the bright Aurora—who with joy,
Opens the pearl-barr'd portals of the sky,
And sends among the dews, her rose-wing'd boy;
While, from behind, the chariot-steeds of day
Trample the darkness and the mist away.

II.

Now, Silence watches Discord in repose,
And Solitude loves cities:—who would think,
Ere yet the busy crowd renew their woes,
How placidly they live upon the brink
Of wretchedness!—The dove upon a sea
Has more to hope than men of misery.

III.

And they who slumber now—whose dreams are gay,
And full of happiness,—in one brief hour,
May wake to all the agonies of day,
To heartsick pain and melancholy's power,
And all the complicated ills, that press
The bosom, when 'tis lone and comfortless.

IV.

This is the hour of thought, when mind is free,
As is the unchained eagle—look! whose flight
High o'er yon golden-bosom'd clouds, I see
Mocking the sun now struggling with the night,
And redd'ning to behold the proud bird spread
Triumphantly, those pinions o'er his head!

V.

Brave bird thy dwellings are the blacken'd rocks,
That scowl upon the thunder—from thy perch,
Thou look'st upon the lightning when it shocks
Thy cloud-mask'd eyry, as the mountain birch
And waving pine bend like the scudding mast,
And tremble like an aspin in the blast.

VI.

Now, gliding through the printless track of day,
Where not a cloud can rain upon thy wings,
Onward and onward, thou dost hold thy way,
Higher than ever lark his matin sings,
And none but He who fashion'd thee in might,
May stay thy course or curb thee in thy flight!

VII.

Thou art the emblem of unshackled mind,
Freed from the bondage of a coward world,
Whose thoughts would paralize their feeble kind,
Were they in all their majesty unfurl'd!
But all alone, it folds itself in power,
Or leaves the earth to spread its wings an hour.

VIII.

How eloquent is Nature! from yon sky,
Where beauty lays her crimson-cinctur'd breast,
A voiceless music melts upon the eye,
And lulls the throbbings of the heart to rest,
Sweeter than woman's voice, whose song prevails
To hush the broken-hearted nightingale's.

IV.

But see! the clouds grow pale, and Beauty's smile
Turns from its weeping lover to the rose—
Thou foolish flower, to nurse a heart of guile!—
Long ere the western sky with evening glows,
Thy breast shall be a wilderness, and Blight
Shall fold thee in a sleep of endless night!

X.

List!—there's a fitful sound, unlike a knell,
That questions to my ear—Proud spirit, wait!
Genius of eating, 'tis thy breakfast bell!
Dream not a hungry poet will be late,
Who worships to the muses as a lover—
Of *tea-imperial, toast* and *roasted plover.*

FOR THE EMERALD.

A POEM

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "TIMES."

It is an easy task to scribble rhyme,
To make two lines made up of nonsense jingle;
But 'tis a job, while words in numbers chime,
To cause good sense with poesy to mingle.
I've written much—but, like all poet-kind,
I've sown my seed upon a winter-wind.

Thou of the sharp-set lyre!—son of song!
I sing thy praise—but not in notes ironical;
Had I thy hand, I'd boldly sweep along
My stubborn harp, and melody Byronical
Should pour from every string, like lambent fire
Emitted from the charg'd electric wire.

Hast thou not sprung from old Anacreon's *quill, rir?*
He loved the luxuries of life—and so do
Many of modern times, who thumb their *silver,**
And dress like paupers, while they slily go do
Homage in secret to a partridge wing;
And turn idolator to punch or sling.

Come whence thou wilt, thou hast a nervous lyre,
And every note is filled with wit and feeling;
No western poet can have merit higher—
And such a string as thine ne'er wanted *nealing;*
But there are latent sparks in every flint,
And Byron found some hid in gin and mint.

'Tis plaguy hot, and flies are buzzing round
My nose, as giddy moths do round a candle,
Won by its light, until their doom is found.—
Now I might make this simile a handle,
By suiting it to those in fashion's maze,
Who court its lustre, but to *feel* its blaze!

Lord Byron said—(I doubt if he were right,)
That "man was born a reasonable creature,
And must get drunk; the best of life (not quite,)
Is in intoxication;"—it is Nature
That forms the brute; his lordship had the blues,
Or else was tickled by some drunken muse.

I hate to see a crusty old Diogenes
Snarl from his tub upon the sweets of life,
And, execrating those who love to lodge in ease,
Turn friendship into bitterness and strife.
This is a right good world of heaven's giving,
And he that loves it not, is not worth living.

And who that wanders through a gay parterre
Will not seek treasures, like the bee that revels
Upon the lips of every floweret, where
The store is richest—kicking off blue devils
By scores, and smiling on life's petty troubles,
Puff them away—they're nought but airy bubbles.

Of all the luxuries that fill my mind,
I love a mellow *cantalope* the best;
'Tis more than bliss to peel its yellow rind,
And feed upon its juicy meat, when drest
With salt and pepper;—'tis a luscious dainty,
Altho' the markets have them cheap and plenty.

* Excuse the rhyme-theft.

I love a rich beef-steak—not fried in fat;
I love a soft-shelled crab—not overdone;
I love a friersee—but what of that?
Whose business is it *what* I dote upon?
Thou of the "Times"—be thine the task to sing
Of life's good things—I'm sick of mimicking!

OLIVER.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Percival's Elegant Extracts.

SONG.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy, stone-blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart. *Dibdin.*

FROM THE SPANISH.

Dialogue between the Poet and Cupid.

POET.

Boy, thy reign is o'er;
Men no more are ninnies.

CUPID.

Now what art
Gains the heart?

POET.

Guineas.

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